

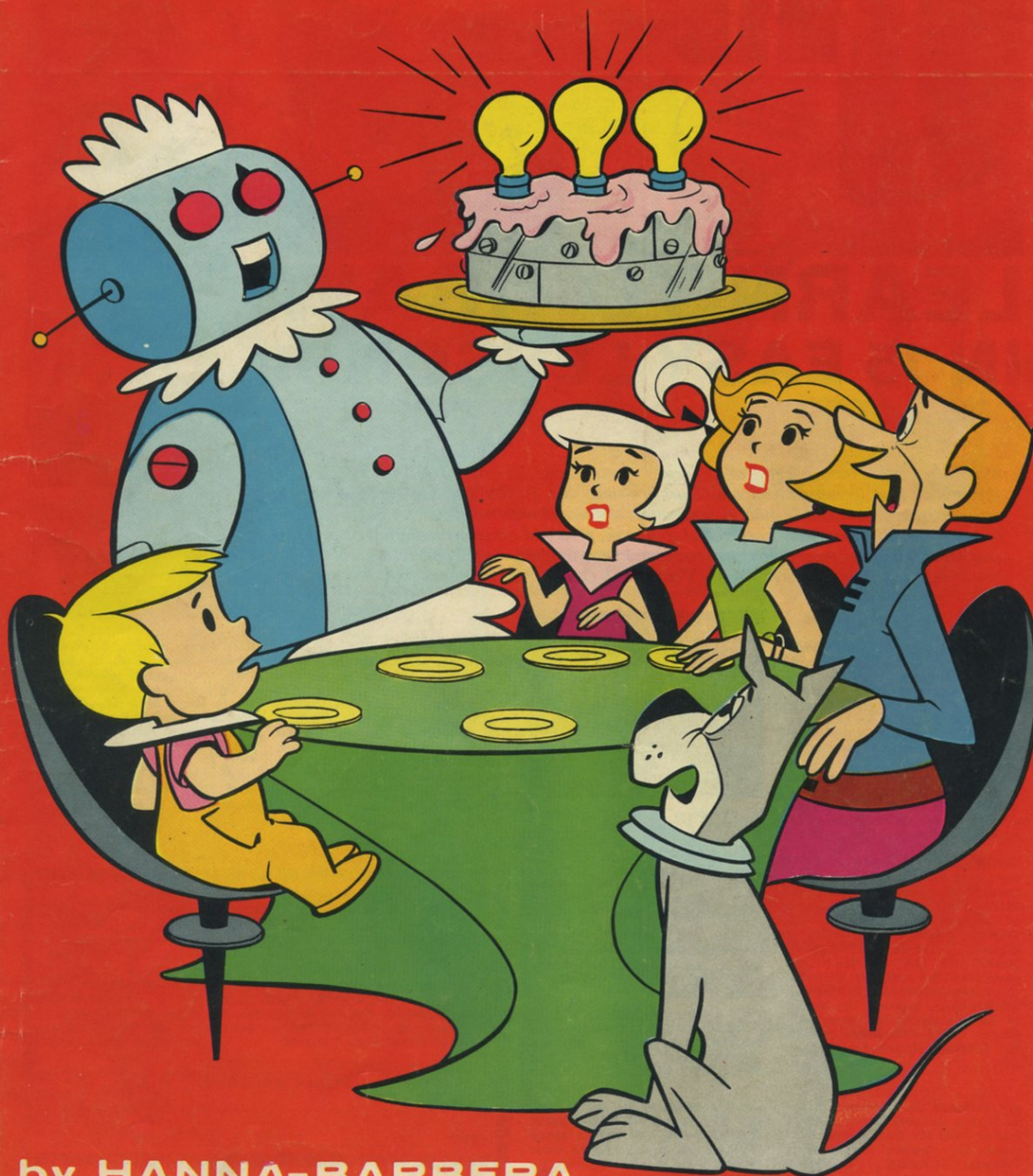
GOLD  
KEY

THE JETSONS

15c

10041-901  
JANUARY

# The JETSONS



by HANNA-BARBERA



# THE FOLKSINGER SWINGER

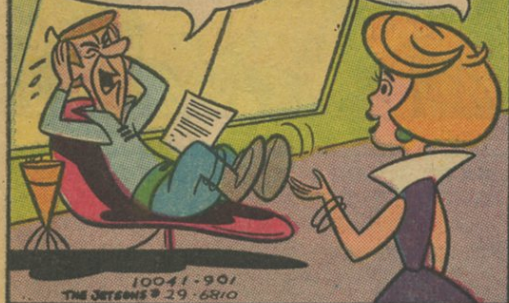
INTRODUCING THE  
QUEENSTON TRIO...

OH... CARRY ME BACK TO THE MILKY WAY  
AT THE END OF THE VAPOR TRAILLL... ♪



I CAN'T STAND  
THAT HOWLING MUCH  
LONGER! WHAT KIND  
OF MUSIC IS THAT,  
ANYWAY?

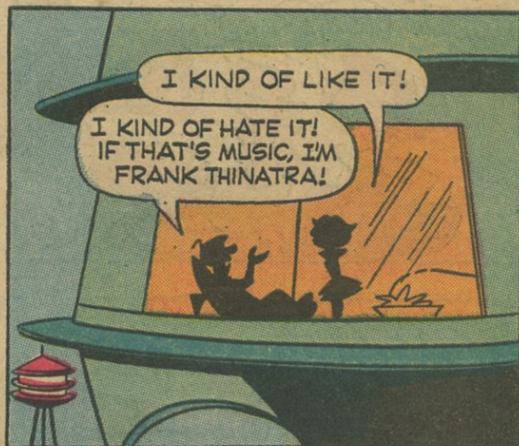
FOLK-  
SINGING!  
IT'S ALL  
THE RAGE  
NOW!



10041-901  
THE JETSONS 29-6810

I KIND OF LIKE IT!

I KIND OF HATE IT!  
IF THAT'S MUSIC, I'M  
FRANK THINATRA!



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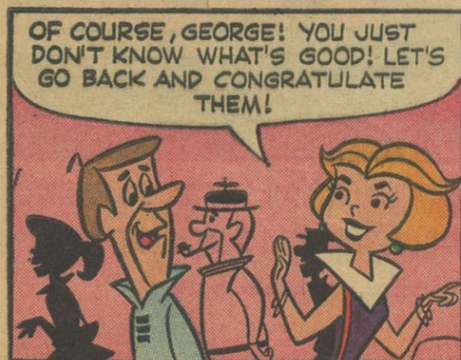
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NEXT EVENING...

AND NEXT, THE QUEENSTON TRIO!



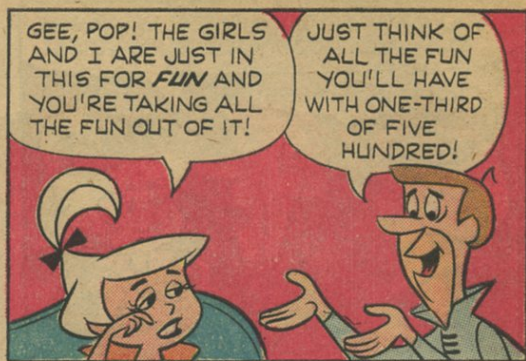




AND, IN THE FOLLOWING DAYS...



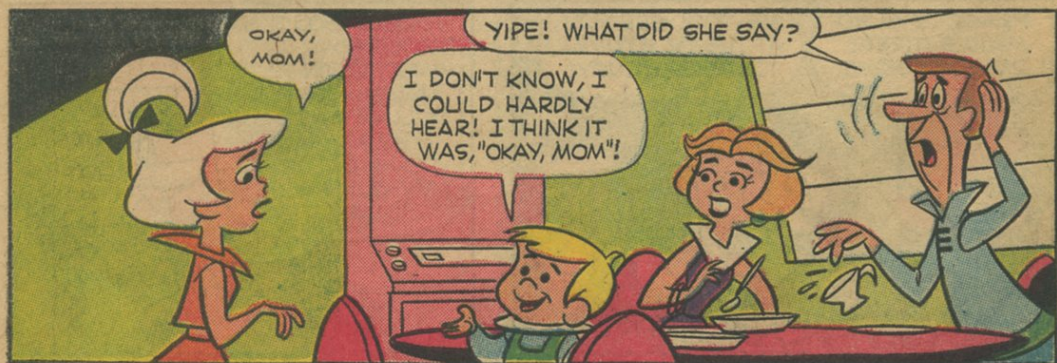
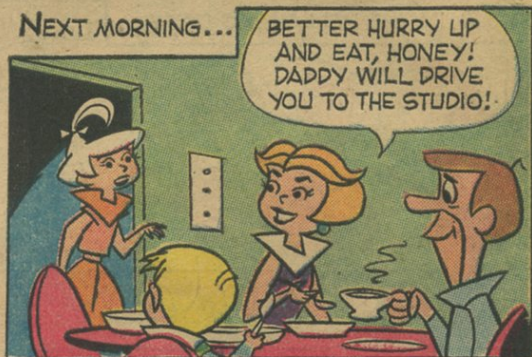




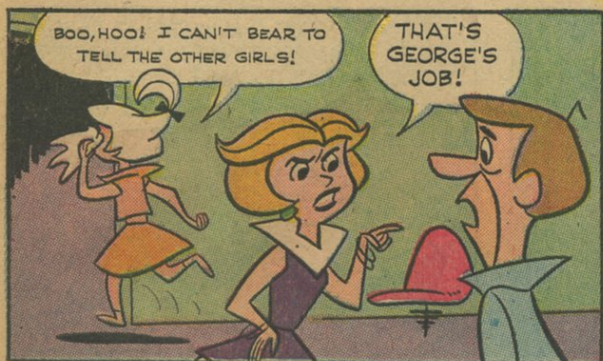
JUDY REHEARSES UNTIL BEDTIME...



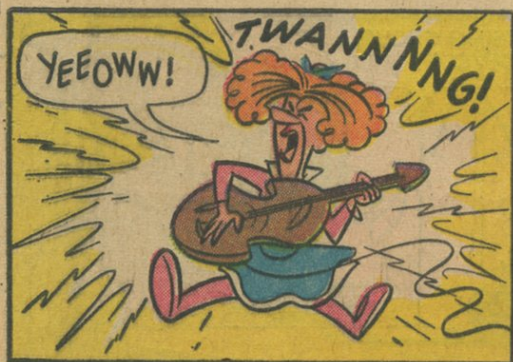
NEXT MORNING...



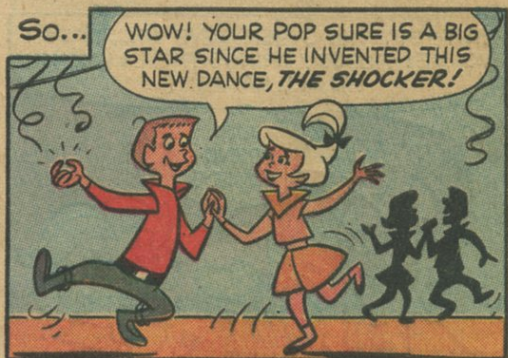
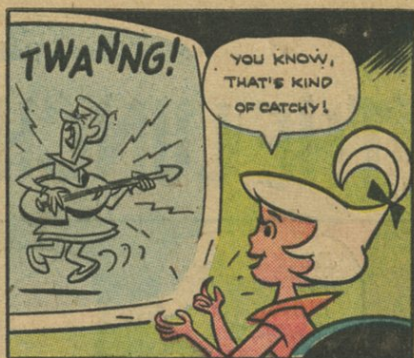
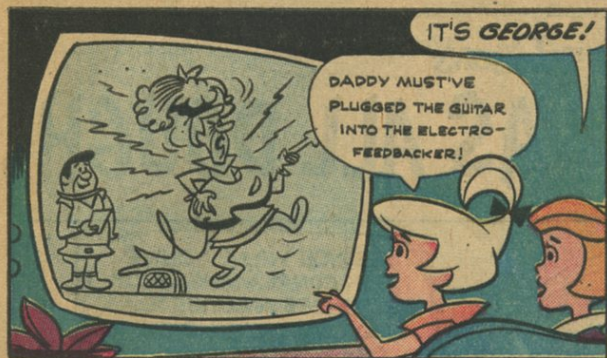












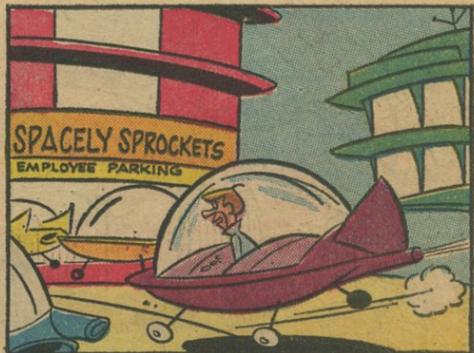


Hanna-Barbera *The JETSONS*

# THE LUNCH WAS ALL DOUGH

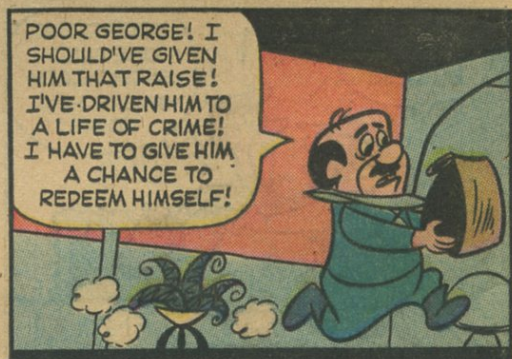
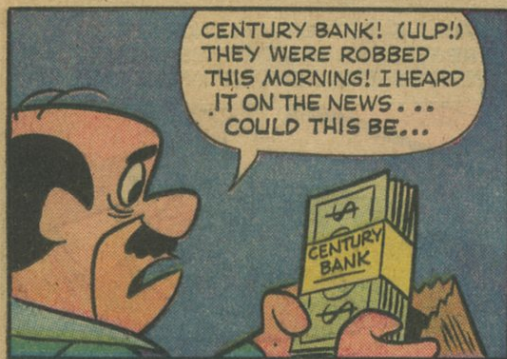
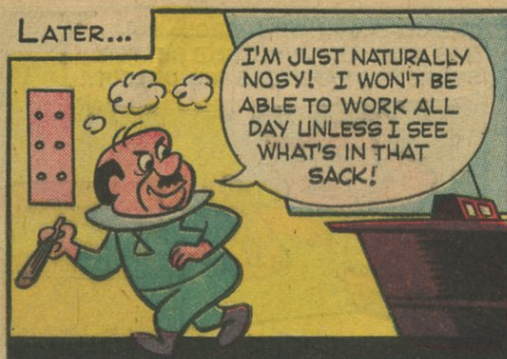








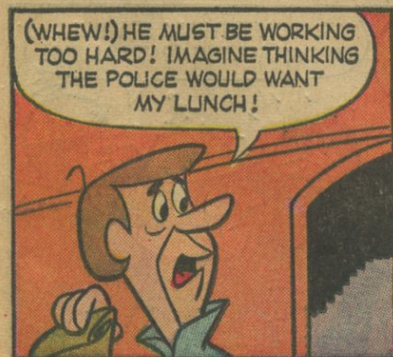
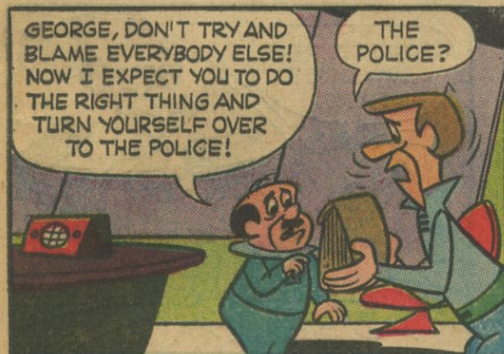
LATER...



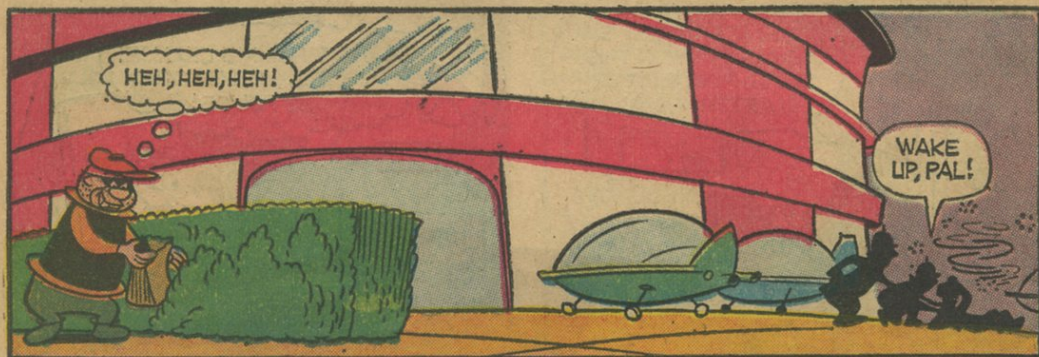
SHORTLY...





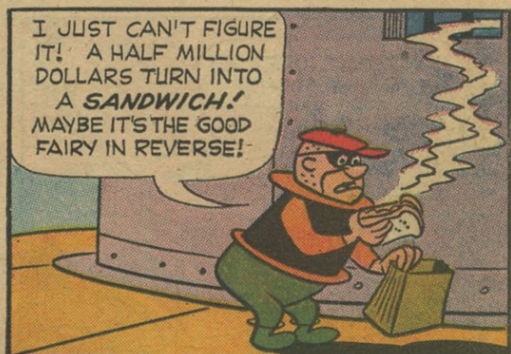




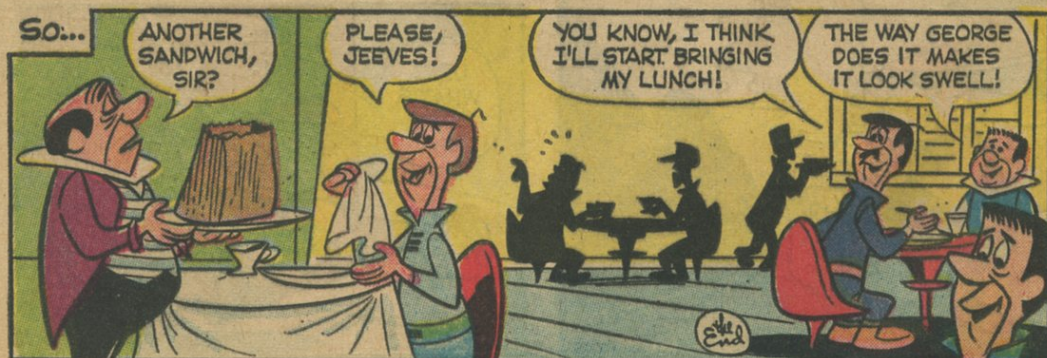
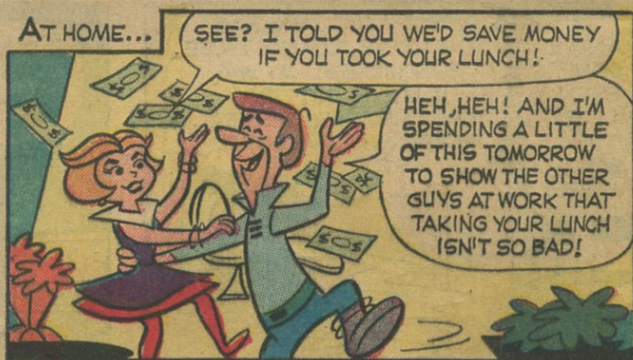




SO, POOR GEORGE FINDS  
HIMSELF IN JAIL...









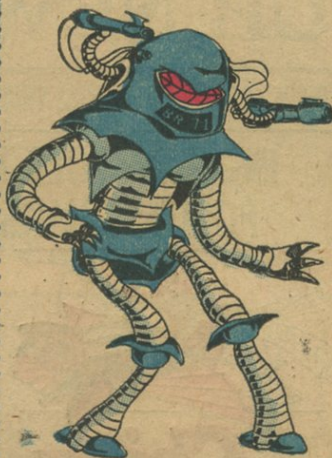
**GOLD KEY CLUB  
COMICS**

# Reader's Page MONSTERS

Our readers (that's you) are proving every day what talented artists they are. Here's a pageful of drawings you sent. Keep them coming! For best reproduction, draw in black ink on white paper. Mail to the address below.

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## BATTLE-ROB



Leroy Butler  
Virginia Beach, Virginia

## FINOSAURUS

Tries to hitch rides on surfboards.



Mark Howard Bowman  
San Marcos, California

## DINKYOSAURUS

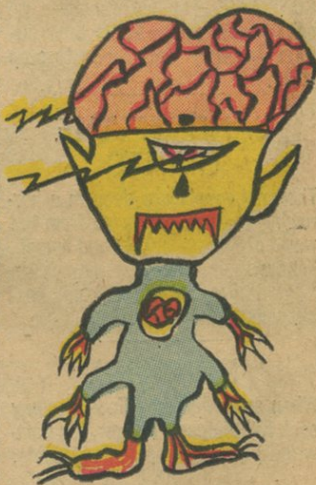
Knocks down objects with its tail.



Paul Tscherne  
Garfield Heights, Ohio

## BRAIN MONSTER

Makes people obey his commands.



John Herschkorn  
Los Alamitos, California

## THE ENERGY BEAST

Can blow smoke through its nose.

George Madlinger  
Beaufort, South Carolina



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# JOKES ON YOU



**Riddle:** Why does a tall man eat less than a short man?

**Answer:** Because he makes a little go a long way.

Julia Clancy—Groves, Texas

**Riddle:** Why can't the world ever end?

**Answer:** Because it's short.

Gerri Begay—Keams Canyon, Arizona

**Riddle:** Why did the man put his radio in his refrigerator?

**Answer:** Because he wanted to hear cool music.

Mark Goeman—Houston, Texas

**Tom:** My father always whistles when he works.

**Tim:** He must be a happy guy.

**Tom:** Not really—he's a traffic cop.

Paul Stiles—Galgary, Alberta, Canada

**Riddle:** Why should you never tell secrets in a stable?

**Answer:** Because horses carry tails (tales).

Alexis Gillespie—Wilmington, Delaware

**Riddle:** When did the Irish potato change its nationality?

**Answer:** When it became a French Fry.

Laura Hunt—Brockville, Ontario, Canada

**Barber:** (to long-haired teen-ager): OK, it's your turn.

**Teen-Ager:** Oh, I'm not waiting for a haircut. I'm hiding from my father and this is the last place he'd look for me!

Elizabeth Scanlon—Natchez, Mississippi

**Riddle:** What happened to the clock when it was wound up?

**Answer:** It went COO-COO.

James A. Marshall Jr.—Dresden, New York

**Riddle:** What tree never has leaves?

**Answer:** A family tree.

Herbert Ah Kwong Yuen—Honolulu, Hawaii

**Mary:** Why did Jane go outdoors with her purse open?

**Alice:** Because she was expecting some change in the weather.

April Walker—Welland, Ontario, Canada

**John:** I wonder what keeps the moon up in the sky.

**Paul:** Moon beams, probably.

Delbert Stone—Tucker, Georgia

**Riddle:** Why are the hours one to twelve like a good policeman?

**Answer:** They are always on the watch.

Noreen Mailloux—So. Meriden, Connecticut

**Henry:** If you crawled into a hole and dug and dug like a mole, where would you finally come out?

**David:** Out of the hole.

Kevin Miller—Salem, New Hampshire

**Riddle:** Why is a calendar so sad?

**Answer:** Because its days are numbered.

Tommy Heldreth—Greensboro, North Carolina

**Riddle:** Why does a chicken lay eggs?

**Answer:** Because if it dropped them they would break.

Debra May—Cleveland, Ohio

**First Kangaroo to**

**Second Kangaroo:** If we're going to that party we'd better hop to it!

Robin Hagan—Chibougamau, Quebec, Canada

**Patty:** Did you know that it takes three sheep to make one sweater?

**Matty:** No I didn't even know they could knit!

Maria Potenza—Montreal, Quebec, Canada

**Riddle:** What's the smallest bridge in the world?

**Answer:** The bridge of your nose.

Burly Menzelesky—Toronto, Ontario, Canada

**Mike:** Our hen can lay an egg 4 inches long. Can you beat that?

**Tom:** Yes, with an egg beater.

Mike Munn—Portage, Michigan

**Riddle:** What makes the Tower of Pisa lean?

**Answer:** It never eats.

Edyth A. Donaldson—Spring Creek, Pennsylvania

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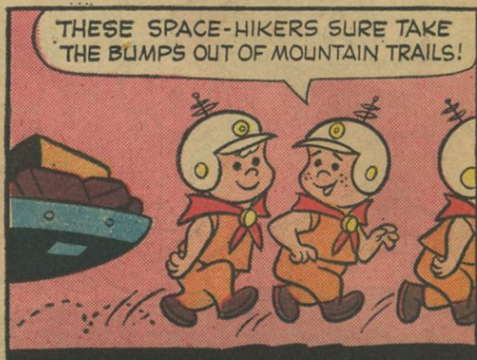
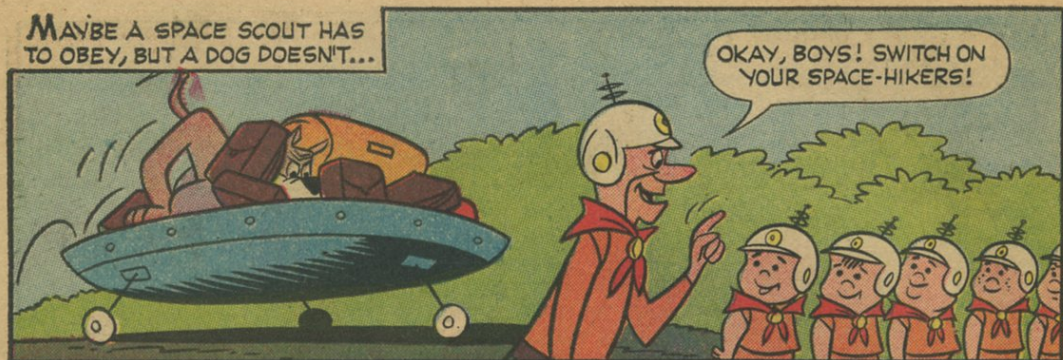
Hanna-Barbera ELROY and ASTRO

# CANINE CAMPER CAPER





MAYBE A SPACE SCOUT HAS  
TO OBEY, BUT A DOG DOESN'T...



AND SOON...





MINUTES  
LATER...

ELROY! WHY ARE YOU  
CARRYING YOUR  
BLANKET THAT WAY?

JUST AIRING IT OUT, SIR!



GOOD  
THINKING!

YOU CAN SAY  
THAT AGAIN!



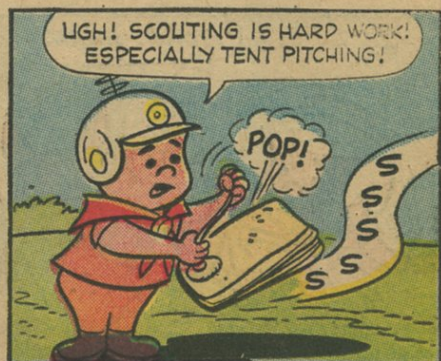
STAY DOWN  
UNTIL I GET  
THE TENT UP!

RRROKAY!



UGH! SCOUTING IS HARD WORK!  
ESPECIALLY TENT PITCHING!

POP!



FOOMP!

WHAT BETTER PLACE  
FOR ASTRO TO STAY  
THAN A PUP TENT?



YOU'RE SAFE IN HERE,  
ASTRO! A SCOUT'S TENT  
IS HIS CASTLE!



THAT  
NIGHT...

I WON'T EVEN WASTE  
THE BONES! I'M TAKING  
THEM BACK TO THE TENT  
FOR GOOD OLD ASTRO!





LATER...

(YAWN!)  
KEEPING ASTRO  
HIDDEN IS EASY!



BUT AS THEY FALL ASLEEP, ASTRO BEGINS TO  
HAVE DOGGY DREAMS...

RRRRR...  
RRR...



WURF! WURF!

HUH?  
WHAT  
IS IT?



WURF! WURF!

ASTRO!  
WAKE UP!



HEY! WHAT'S GOING  
ON OVER HERE? I  
HEARD A DOG BARK!



(ULP!) I HAVE  
TO THINK OF  
SOMETHING  
FAST!!

ARF! ARF! ARF!

OH, IT'S  
ELROY! HE'S  
DREAMING!



POOR KID! HE  
MUST BE DREAMING  
ABOUT HIS DOG!

ARF!







BUT THE NIGHT HAS STILL MORE SURPRISES! ASTRO SPOTS ANOTHER RABBIT... AND THIS TIME HE ISN'T DREAMING. . .



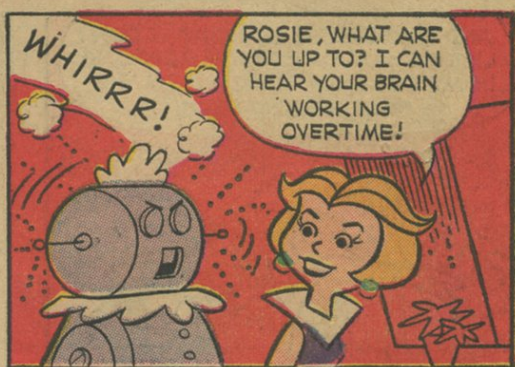
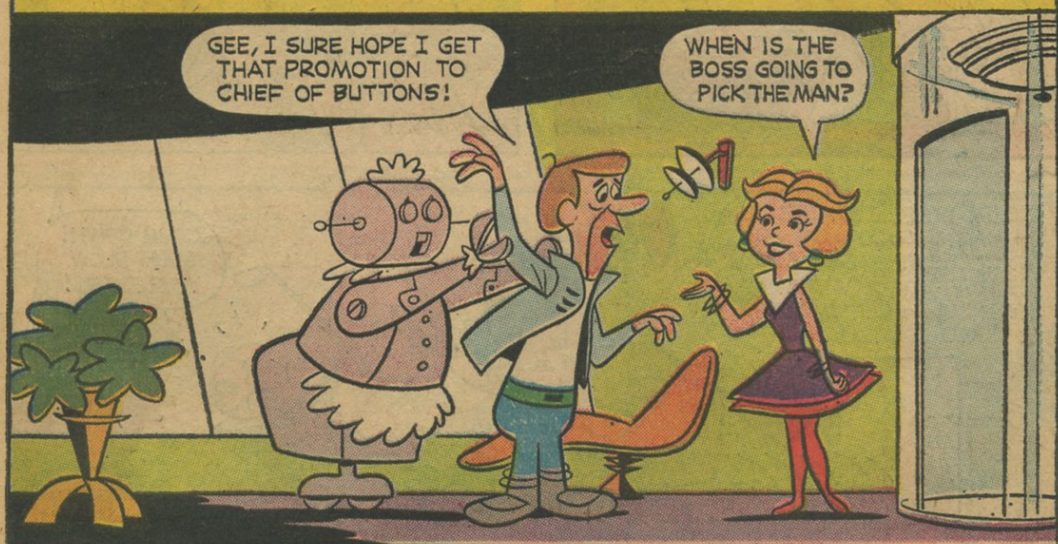




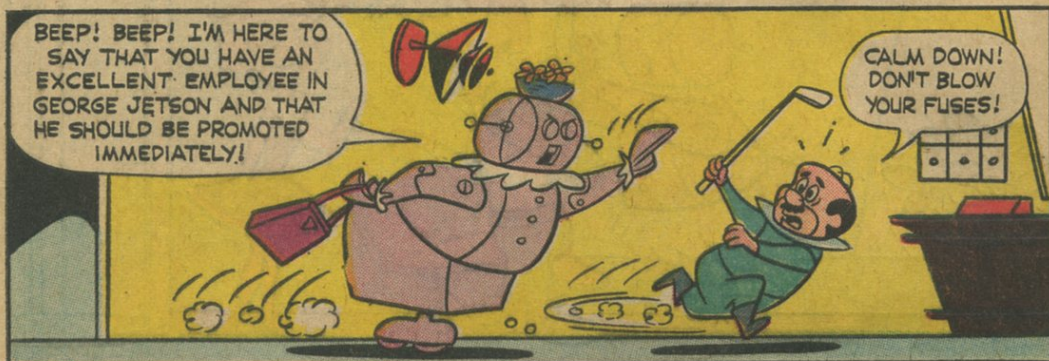
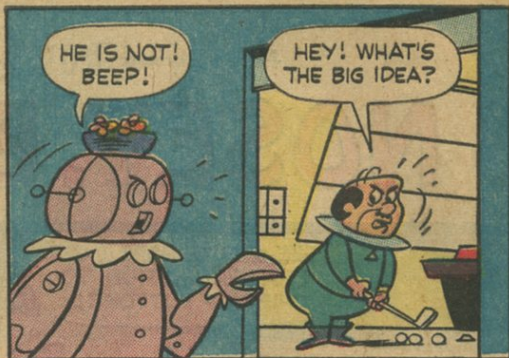


Hanna-Barbera ROSIE the ROBOT

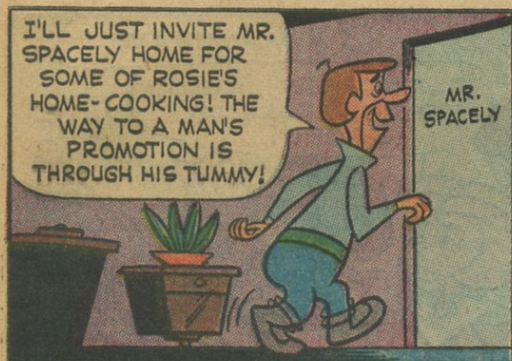
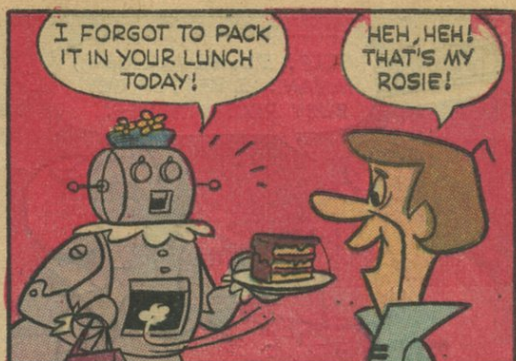
# NOSEY, BUT NICE



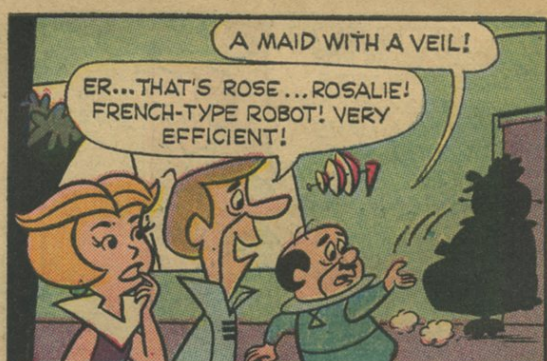
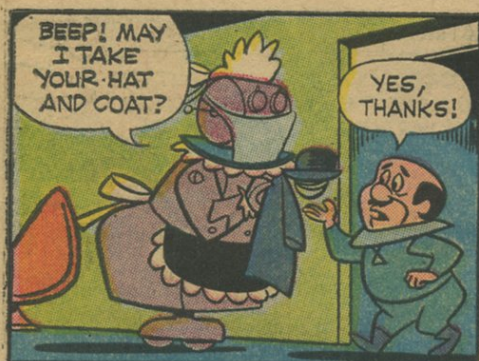
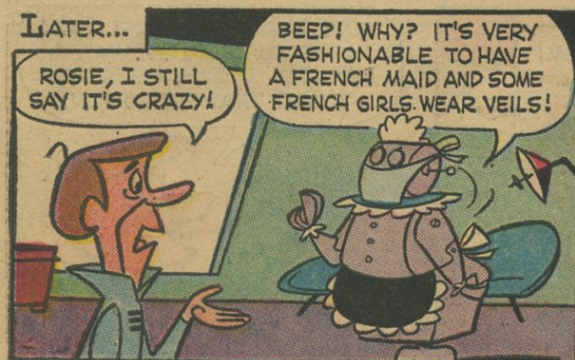
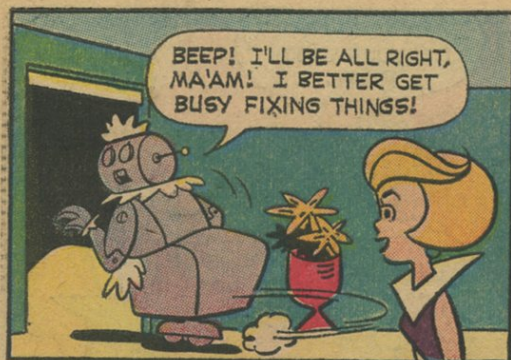




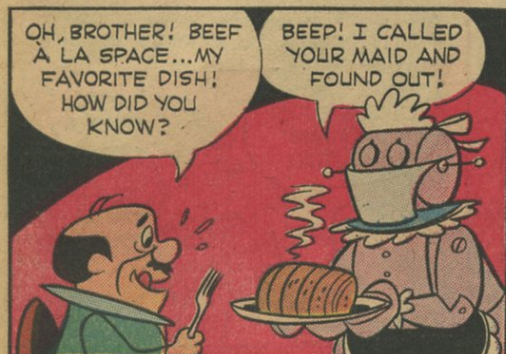
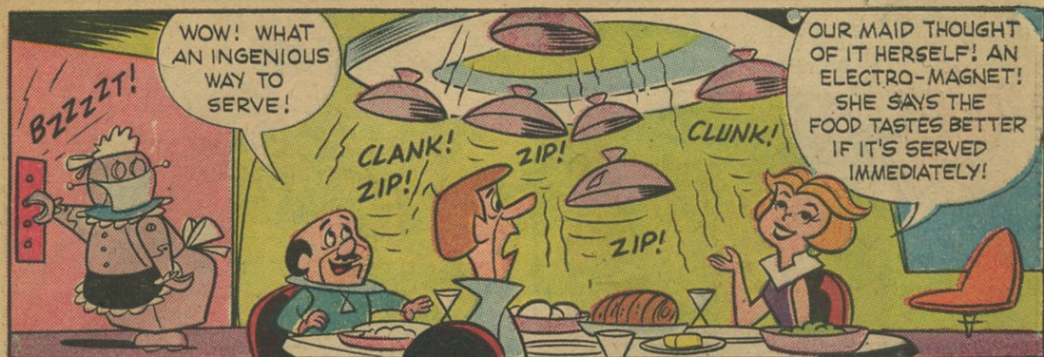




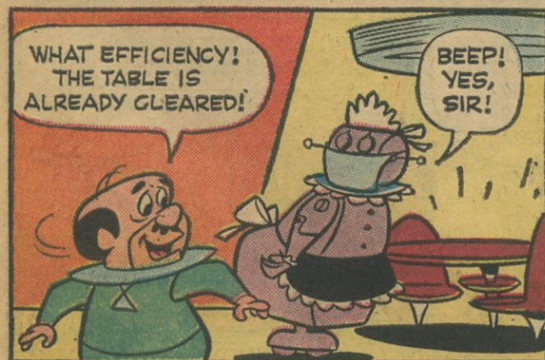
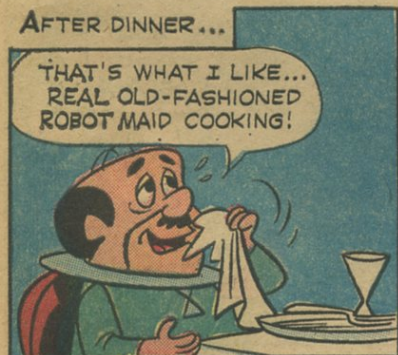




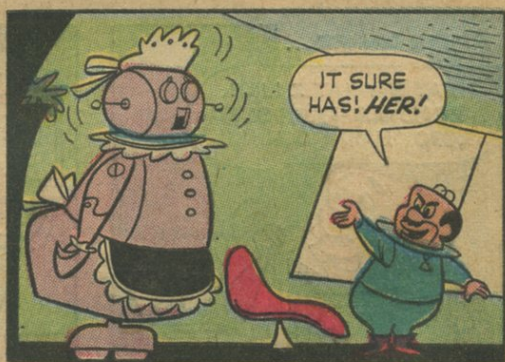
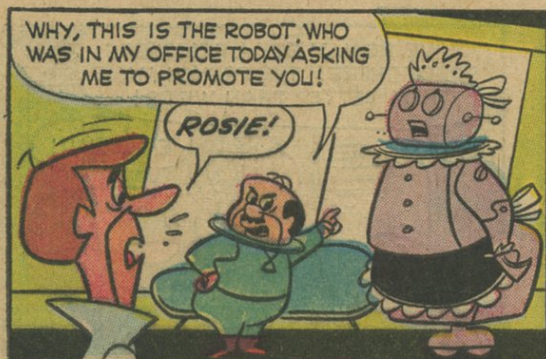
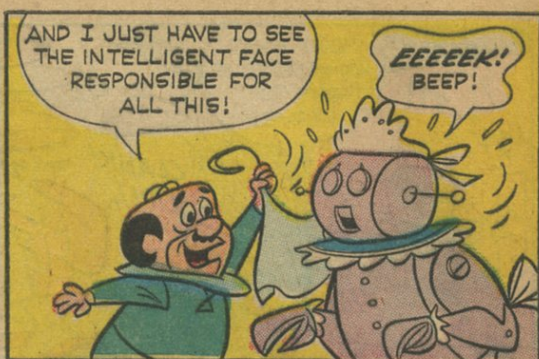




AFTER DINNER...









GOLD KEY CLUB  
COMICS

# DINOSAURIA

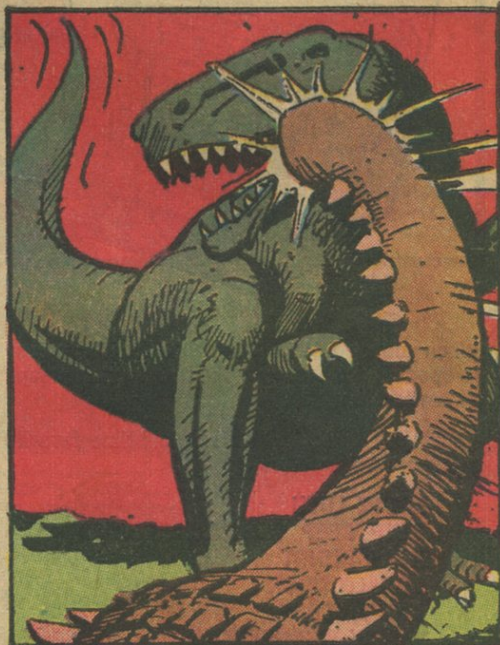
## ANKYLOSAURUS



In the Mesozoic world of over a hundred million years ago, just as the spike-backed stegosaurus became extinct, the true armored dinosaur — the ankylosaurus — appeared. Shaped like a turtle with a humped back, the ankylosaurus weighed several tons and was about fifteen feet long. Its whole upper body was protected by touching, almost overlapping bony plates. Rows of sharp bony spikes protected its sides. Under attack, it could flop flat on the ground, too heavy to be turned over by the flesh-eating dinosaurs. Its armor was also able to turn away the hungering teeth or attacking claws of the dinosaurs.



The ankylosaurus's head was encased in thick bony plates. Its eyes were tiny. Its small teeth marked it as a plant eater that favored soft vegetation.



The ankylosaurus's tail ended in a heavy, round bony mass that served as a defensive weapon. Attacked, it could use its tail as a powerful, lashing mace.